

Ballet

TODAY

MARCH, 1959

Price 2/-



VIENNA STATE OPERA BALLET
in *Swan Lake*



FILMING THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

Shooting a scene from *Ondine* for the film
The Royal Ballet

Ballet TODAY

Established
1946

EDITOR'S LOG

FILMING THE BALLET

The pass admitting me to the filming of "The Royal Ballet" on Sunday, February 1st, read "available only from 9 a.m.—9 p.m." Watching the proceedings was in itself exhausting and when I left at 6 p.m. work was still going on. Perhaps it was the roast beef and vegetables served in the canteen at lunch-time which fortified them, but there must have been many very tired Swan Maidens and Ondines at the end of the day.

Remembering the pitifully fragmentary records of the dancing of Pavlova, I have always feared that no-one would get around to doing something really worthwhile of Fonteyn on film, especially as she is reported on several occasions to have said that she does not like filming ballet. Our picture on the opposite page shows shooting of a scene from *Ondine*, *Swan Lake* Act II and *Firebird* are the other ballets chosen. The film is being produced and directed by Dr. Paul Czinner whose foresight and special technique made it possible for the Bolshoi Ballet to be filmed at Covent Garden and the Davis Theatre, Croydon, during the 1956 season. Two years ago I asked the great Sam Goldwyn why he did not make a film of The Royal Ballet (then the Sadler's Wells Ballet), and he replied that there would not

be enough people who would want to see it, and even the Rank Organisation never expected that the Bolshoi Ballet film would have such a fantastic success throughout the world. If, as it is said, Dr. Czinner's technique has improved, then this film of our own Company should be extremely good box-office for many years to come. More important still, when the time comes that our great ballerina retires there will remain a permanent record for future generations.

I only hope that someone will remember how quickly the present becomes the past, and put on record the magic that is Markova dancing in, say, *The Dying Swan* and *Les Sylphides*, before it is too late. By the time this magazine goes to press, Markova will have made two appearances in these at the Hippodrome Theatre, Golders Green and the Davis Theatre in Croydon, and that will be the last we shall see of her for some time as she leaves for America on February 25th to commence her 1959 commitments in the U.S.A.

Markova's version of *The Dying Swan* has even greater value than the superb performance she gives in it. She told me how it came about that Fokine himself arranged this for her. Markova was dancing in Boston on the 10th anniversary of Pavlova's death

and Sol Hurok the great American impresario said he would like to do something specially in honour of her memory. He suggested *The Swan*, but Markova said that it had always been Pavlova's own solo and she felt she could not do it. Then Hurok said "If I get Fokine to arrange it for you will you do it." Markova agreed, and it is this version we are privileged to watch on the few rare occasions that Markova dances it now in England.

OPENING A SHOWROOM

I was invited to be present for the opening of the new Lux Lux showroom in Albemarle Street, London. The main product of this firm is lingerie, which they claim is inspired by the ballet, but they manufacture also what could be called *haute couture* leotards* for everyday wear. It was for this reason that Alicia Markova had been prevailed upon to perform the opening ceremony, which she did with her usual grace and composure in the presence of a distinguished audience. It is said of our Royal family that they never forget a face and that this is one aspect of their great natural charm and popularity. I was reminded of this when I saw the battery

*A practice garment worn by ballet students

No. 2

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Our next issue will be published on 25th March

Cover Portrait
The Vienna State Opera Ballet in
Swan Lake. Photo: Fayer



EDITOR'S LOG (continued)

of press photographers facing Alicia, one of them smiled at her and she stopped for a moment, to greet him personally.

Markova is always so elegantly dressed that I was not surprised to see that the *New York Herald Tribune* ran almost a full page of photographs of her on their *fashion* page.

LAUNCHING A BOOK

With January fog shrouding the airports, making air travel impossible, it was doubtful whether the guest of honour would arrive at the party given by Cassell & Co. to celebrate the publication of Serge Lifar's sixth book in English—*The Three Graces*. However, fortunately M. Lifar had decided that morning to take the ferry, and was therefore able to be present in person to greet his guests. Anton Dolin welcomed M. Lifar, and after briefly sketching the outline of the book wished it success. Many well-known people in the ballet world were present, amongst them I saw Dr. and Mrs. Braunschweig and John Gilpin of Festival Ballet, Alicia Markova, Beryl Grey, Maryon Lane and critic Arnold Haskell.

FILMING THE BALLET IN FRANCE

A writer in this year's Ballet Annual gave it as his opinion that you had to be in ballet at least ten years before you became "pontificated" as a writer. Personally I am all for catching them young—while the dust of the streets is on their shoes. By the time they have been in ballet ten years they have exchanged this either for the stardust of ballet or sand from the desert of intellectual snobbery. It was therefore with some interest that I met Louis Cuny, director and producer of a series of short films under the title "Cine-Ballets de Paris." For the last 18 months M. Cuny has abandoned the making of dramatic films and directed his energies towards films on ballet. This "new boy" to ballet film-making has had this, his first short film on the ballet, selected for the Royal Film Performance during February. M. Cuny says simply, "I love ballet and have always wanted to serve its cause. I am striving to enter into this round of the arts with a camera that is no longer a passive instrument, but something that has become an active and creative element in itself." He also reminded us that the cinema audiences number millions weekly, and these people will go along to see their favourite feature film. If a short film on ballet also be shown it is a simple matter to measure the advantages ballet would gain "but," he adds, "the producer of such films has a great responsibility for the dangers to ballet are equally apparent."

"Cine-Ballets de Paris" included six short films in colour—with an introduction *Prelude to the Dance*; *Play Time*, choreography by Dick Sanders, starring Marie-Claire Carrie, Dick Sanders, Maurice Béjart and Tessa Beaumont; *The Belle with the Feather Boa*, choreography by Maurice Béjart, starring Tessa Beaumont and Maurice Béjart. Both the next two items, *Symphony for a Lonely Man* and *Hats*, were choreographed by Maurice Béjart and danced by him with Michele Seigneuret.

Béjart was also responsible for the choreography of *The Stranger*, which starred Tania Bari and Antonio Cano.

The final item *The Lovers of the Seine* was the Royal Film Performance selection. A charming story set to the famous song "La

Seine" with choreography by Deryk Mendel, shews a lovely girl joining a river boat on a private cruise down the Seine in Paris. A young student (Jean Cazenave) trying to follow her but unable to go aboard pursues her in a dinghy. With his companions he sneaks aboard, dances with the girl (Michèle Nadal), takes refuge in the bar and dances with the attractive barmaid (Janine Monin). Finally caught, he is thrown overboard and by way of farewell the young girl throws him a rose which rides towards him on the current. This to my mind is the type of simple charming story with dancing that even the most uninitiated could enjoy, and therefore the most likely to succeed in interesting a new public in ballet. The other films, though beautifully danced and presented in a fresh uninhibited way, will not, to my mind, achieve this object to the same extent.

Nevertheless, M. Cuny is to be congratulated. I hope that he will continue to make films on the ballet and above all preserve his present approach to the audience. "Should one of my films arouse in you a little of the respectful love I hold for the ballet," he says, "I should feel well rewarded." Not a bad approach to a public tired of being told that their tastes are too low to appreciate what is put before them.

OVERSEAS EXAMINERS

My last engagement of the month prior to putting the magazine to bed took me to the home of Dame Margot Fonteyn to meet the R.A.D. Examiners who will be conducting examinations this year in Australia, South Africa, Kenya, British West Indies, Malta, Singapore, California, Mexico and Hong-kong. I will talk about this in our next issue.

Backstage

FESTIVAL BALLET

News is gradually filtering through of the Noel Coward ballet which will be premiered during the London season of Festival Ballet commencing July. There have been a number of reports in the daily press, some of them inaccurate. Here are the details we have confirmed at time of going to press. The ballet will be called *London Morning*, and will have Buckingham Palace as a background. Noel Coward is, of course, to do the music, Jack Carter the choreography (it will be remembered that Mr. Carter was also responsible for the choreography of *The Witch Boy* with which the Company were so successful last year). Decor and costumes are by William Constable who is an Australian born of Irish parents. His birthplace was at Eagle Hawk, Victoria and he came to England in April 1957. His work is well known to the Borovansky Ballet Company in Australia; he has also worked a great deal for television Armchair Theatre, and did the decor for the film entitled *The Secret Man*, which was released recently.

The ballet will probably be rehearsed in Europe because the Company will soon be going off on an extensive foreign tour and will not return to England until about ten days before the première in London.

Full details of this tour are not available at time of going to press, but the Company open at the Liceo in Barcelona on April 14th for four-and-a-half weeks; they then open in Madrid the following week.

THE MONTH AT COVENT GARDEN

During the absence of the Opera Company on tour during March, there will be a four weeks' season of ballet at the Opera House. This season includes the return of Beryl Grey as guest artist in *Swan Lake* and *Checkmate*. *Harlequin in April* receives its first Covent Garden performance on March 5th, with Antoinette Sibley, David Blair and Stanley Holden in the cast (the last two were in the original cast when the ballet was premiered at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1951). Another ballet to be seen at Covent Garden for the first time, will be Kenneth Macmillan's *Dances Concertantes*. Maryon Lane will take the lead in this as she did in the original production in 1955, with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. On March 9th, Anya Linden dances *Giselle* for the first time, with David Blair.

The highlight of the month, socially, will of course be the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala on March 10th in the presence of Her Majesty The Queen Mother and Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret. The programme will include Act III of *The Prince of the Pagodas*, Frederick Ashton's new ballet *La Valse* to the Ravel score, and several divertissements.

NO END PRODUCT

I was reading the story the other day of a young woman who sent a play, *A Taste of Honey*, to the Stratford Theatre Workshop. It was the author's first attempt, but it was accepted and has now been put on in London's West End. I wish something could happen like this in ballet, but it is extremely unlikely that it will. Jim Ranger and Francis Sitwell are doing a magnificent job with the Sunday Ballet Club (see *London Review Page* this issue) but after they have made it possible for new choreographers to show their work what then? Who is going to take such works into their repertoire, at least in Britain? And if the worth of new productions is recognised, acclaimed, but left to rot it can only result in still more talent being lost to this country.

BRITONS ABROAD

Since the demise of the Edinburgh International Ballet Company, Peggy van Praagh has been working on television programmes, but she will soon be off on her travels again—this time to America, where she is to teach at Jacob's Pillow during the summer. She will find it a home from home because a British Company—the Ballet Rambert—arrive soon afterwards, for their season, which commences July.

DORIS HUMPHREY

Doris Humphrey, one of America's most distinguished dancer-choreographers died in New York on December 29 at the age of 63. Miss Humphrey studied all branches of dancing before joining the Denishawn troupe and school. She became the company's leading dancer and with it toured the United States and the Orient for ten years. She then formed her own company in 1928 and this led to the creation of her modern dance works, amongst them *The Shakers*. Miss Humphrey also composed over 100 solos and ensemble dances and choreographed for many musical shows and operas. When the José Limon Dance Company came to London on a European tour in 1957 Miss Humphrey came with them as artistic director, and choreographed many of the ballets presented by the company at Sadler's Wells Theatre.

LONDON REVIEW

SUNDAY BALLET CLUB

At Wyndham's Theatre, on Sunday, January 11th, the Sunday Ballet Club presented its fourth programme of new ballets, thus completing its first year. *Divertimento*, with choreography by Joanne Steuer, looked promising in advance, for Mrs. Steuer is an American dancer and teacher who has specialized in jazz dancing, and is currently teaching this interesting style in London. But what we saw was in fact the most commonplace of classroom enchainements, performed by three dancers in conventional modern classical costume, to the accompaniment of "pop" records which were completely out of harmony with the dancing. Many comedians want to play *Hamlet*, and it is understandable that Mrs. Steuer should want to show that she could be as classical as the next fellow; but her choice of a gimmick was desperately unhappy. After the first few bars the curious atmosphere produced by the association of incompatibles faded away (familiarity breeding boredom) and the ballet became just an endurance test for the spectator. This sort of gimmick was developed by Diaghilev in the late twenties, as a substitute for real creation, and it has been worked to death ever since; in fact it has no artistic value except in light satirical comedy ballets.

The Venus Flower, with choreography by Faith Worth and dancers drawn from the Royal Ballet, the Covent Garden Opera Ballet and the Royal Ballet School, showed an equally violent conflict between dancing and music. The music was Bartok's *Contrasts*, a very difficult and strange piece of music written for three virtuosos (exponents of piano, clarinet and violin). To this very modern music Miss Worth fitted (in a very obscure way) a romantic and sentimental fairy tale about a student, a nightingale and a dying rose tree, presumably based on a story by Oscar Wilde. The dancing consisted of exactly the sort of classroom enchainements and droopy mime that one would expect to find associated with such a story: nothing in the wide world could make such nonsense of Bartok's music. This attempt to create an effect of contemporaneity by mixing obscure romanticism and modern unromantic music is very typical of the present stage of evolution of the Royal Ballet, and one would have liked to see the dancers given a chance at Wyndham's to take part in the creation of something quite different—a ballet with a theme and style bearing some relation to the major artistic trends of today. Fortunately the dancing of Deanne Bergsma was so good that at times she distracted attention from the faults of the ballet. She has long legs, an excellent line and a small pretty face given distinction by large expressive eyes; one needs no crystal ball to predict that she will join the wonderful group of young solo danseuses now gracing the Royal Ballet.

Journey of the Beggars, a dance-drama by John Broome in the Jooss-Leeder style, danced by a large number of students of the Leeder School, was in its theme by far the most ambitious and intelligent of the works shown at Wyndham's. The theme was very characteristic of the more advanced modern-dance groups of the early thirties: "The journey of the beggars is the journey of all beggars from the first light to the last; through the wars of nature and men . . ." Here we found the cosmic abstraction and impersonality typical of pre-War expressionism; choreographically, too, John Broome followed all too closely the pattern set by Jooss with *The Green Table* in 1932. Unfortunately *The Green Table* represented an end and not a beginning: in this ballet Jooss brought together most of the finest achievements in modern dance of the expressionist twenties, and his later attempts at this genre were progressively more cerebral and empty of real invention. Though Jooss himself later absorbed a great deal of the classical technique, thus widening his vocabulary, John Broome confined himself puritanically to a very small range of modern-dance movements, and avoided solos almost completely—being in fact *plus royaliste que le roi*. The result of this misplaced royalism was a deadly monotony. At one point the choreographer (presumably inspired by the wonderful sword-fights in Kabuki and the Peking Opera) staged a single-stick fight between two men: but the result was strangely empty of excitement and rhythm, showing that Broome had not analyzed what he saw of the Japanese and Chinese fights. The monotony was relieved at one point, near the end of the dance-drama, by a group scene in which a large number of dancers moved diagonally across the stage in interesting patterns, suggesting a vast migration. Musically, the dance-drama suffered from an amateurish score by Yvonne Cox, strangely interlaced with sound effects and some fine records of Russian songs. The best

By Fernau Hall

- ★ SUNDAY BALLET CLUB
- ★ EUGENE ONEGIN AT SADLER'S WELLS
- ★ CINDERELLA AT COVENT GARDEN
- ★ INDRANI

thing about the production was the costumes, with their odd but convincing mixture of elements from different periods and different parts of Europe; these were given no credit in the programme—a strange oversight. (Were they perhaps designed by Sigurd Leeder himself?)

The programme ended with *Piques d'Amour*, produced by George Hall, choreographed by Claire Roberts (*nee* Klari Szechy) and danced mainly by pupils of the Arts Educational Schools. This was sentimental bosh, with an idiotic story that was evidently designed as a peg on which to hang some divertissements. The principal role was performed by the Hungarian dancer Margit Muller in a hard and graceless manner which was quite out of harmony with the rest of the ballet. Two fine young dancers stood out in the corps de ballet, one being recognizable as Gaye Fulton, winner of the Adeline Genée Silver Medal last year.

I do not wholly agree with those of my colleagues who—dissatisfied with the low average standard of Sunday Ballet Club productions—say that it should be much more selective. To me the supreme merit of this organisation's policy is that it is not selective: in this way it is able to do much better than previous organisations of a similar nature, offering a real platform and proving ground for new choreographers and young dancers.

What it presents is not limited by the personal taste of its directors, who leave it to the critics and the audience to weigh up the merits of the ballets shown. It does not do very much for designers or composers (no doubt for financial reasons.) But it has done work of great value, which otherwise would not have been done at all, and it is to be hoped that it will continue to do as good or better work in future.

If this is to happen, however, its directors must face up to the fact that a completely passive and unselective policy is dangerous: it can lead to a series of programmes in which no item shows any promise, and this will inevitably estrange critics and the public. To avoid this I feel that the directors should adopt a more active policy. In addition to presenting works which are so to speak handed to them on a platter, they should invite works from talented choreographers who are ignored by the permanent ballet companies and do not have at their disposal the dancers needed for a Sunday Ballet Club showing. (Here the directors of the S.B.C. would need to act as middlemen, bringing together choreographers and dancers.) It is equally important that the S.B.C. should invite ballets from choreographers such as Norman Dixon* and Clover Roope, whose first productions for the S.B.C. won high praise from public and critics; we can be certain that these choreographers learned a great deal from seeing their first ballets performed in public, and we can expect them to exploit this knowledge to good advantage in later productions.

EUGENE ONEGIN AT SADLER'S WELLS

Anyone familiar with the Tchaikovsky ballets is bound to be fascinated by Tchaikovsky's great opera *Eugene Onegin*. Over and over again he expresses moods and dramatic situations in similar ways to those used in the ballets; and there is a good deal of magnificent dance music in the opera which would fit into the ballets quite easily. Perhaps the most striking thing about this opera is that the composer keeps a lyrical melodic line flowing through all the dramatic passages, hardly ever making use of recitative; one might almost suppose that he was imagining that the opera would be danced as well as sung. This puts both producer and singers on the spot, for automatically one makes higher *visual* demands on them than in most operas. Fortunately the present production at Sadler's Wells (supervised by John Donaldson) is a model of discretion and good taste; and Fredrick Sharp (who sings Onegin) is not only perfectly cast aurally and visually (he is tall and lean, with a splendidly Byronic face), but he also mimes remarkably well, giving to every pose, gesture and move the appropriately dandyish elegance and arrogance.

The dancing, unfortunately, belongs to a rather different world. As so often happens in opera, the settings are too cramped to give the dancers a chance to spread themselves. The choreographer, Philippe Perrotet, has a good eye for stage patterns, but he seems to know only a small number of Polish and Hungarian steps, and he mixes them together without much regard for the contrasting rhythms of the dances. The most successful choreographic episode is the peasant dance in Act I, which brings together Great Russian and Ukrainian steps.

CINDERELLA AT COVENT GARDEN

Margot Fonteyn has given so much to the title role of *Cinderella*—adding nuances at each Christmas revival—that it is a typical Fonteyn role. This was even more true than usual this Christmas, when she was dancing better than ever, and Beriosova had a difficult task in taking over the role after the first three Fonteyn nights.

Under the circumstances Beriosova did very well. The acting parts of Act I did not give her much opportunity: in fact she made Cinders look like a princess from the beginning, and there was little of the pathos one expects at this point: also, the footwork in parts of the solo was a little too quick for her—though she kept properly in time. (When the ballet was first produced *Cinderella* had an excellent lyrical solo with the broom which has unfortunately been cut: this would suit Beriosova very well—not to mention Margot Fonteyn). Beriosova came to life in the humorous scene near the end of Act I in which she pretended that the broom was a partner: suddenly a veil slipped away, and we made contact with a delightful personality. In Act II, and the second part of Act III, she was in her element as a dreamy, wide-eyed princess. Her entrance in Act II, gazing in awe at the glories of the palace, was excellent, and she gave full value to the sweeping lines of the choreography.

The sensation of this year's revival of *Cinderella* was the dancing of Antoinette Sibley as The Fairy Summer. Though she graduated from the school only a few months ago, she has danced like a ballerina from the start: in fact there were rumours of her astounding prowess while still at the school. She has had very rapid promotion—and richly deserved it. (In the past there seemed to be a deliberate policy of keeping fine artists obscurely in the corps de ballet for a long time, but fortunately this policy seems to be going by the board.) Though the Summer Fairy is a difficult part, Antoinette Sibley suggested by every movement that (a) it had been created for her, and (b) she had been dancing it for years. With her amazingly liquid and expressive arms she can transform any role, and she did this very effectively with the Summer Fairy. (I should like to see her in a role such as Hagar in *Pillar of Fire*, with highly expressive arm movements influenced by the mudras of Indian dancing.) But she does not allow the liquidity proper to arms to corrupt her leg movements, which have all the strength and clarity essential in dancing based on the classical technique. And her head movements are superbly adjusted to the line of her body.

Merle Park danced bravely as the Spring Fairy, but she looked a little unhappy: it was obvious that the steps did not suit her. The same could be said of Georgina Parkinson, who took over the Winter Fairy at short notice on 1st January when Rosemary Lindsay fell ill. This role is difficult technically, and demands a cold, steely precision which lies at the opposite pole from Georgina Parkinson's warm temperament. But it is sometimes very good for artists to be cast against type, and one may expect that both Merle Park and Georgina Parkinson will profit from their efforts to come to grips with roles unsympathetic to them.

For some reason—perhaps because it is the fashion in panto—Ashton has taken the roles of the Ugly Sisters away from men and given them to two danseuses: Moyra Fraser (returning to the Royal Ballet after a long absence) and Margaret Hill. He has adapted the choreography in some details—for example, he has put the sisters on pointe—but for the most part the roles are the same. This faced the two artists with severe problems, and they tackled them with courage; in fact it is hard to see how they could have done better. But the roles were not very satisfactory in the first place—the Ugly Sisters were much less funny than the best panto dames, though they used rather similar gags—and I think Ashton should now re-choreograph these two roles completely, making the humour more danced and more in harmony with the music (which is witty in an off-beat way—not slapstick).

Anya Linden, who took over the role of *Cinderella* on 7th January, has many qualifications for the role. She has a very striking face—not conventionally pretty, but certainly attractive—and an almost ideal body for ballet. Her neck, in particular, is superbly long and graceful; at the same time there is something of the gamine about her, which makes her well suited to the Cinders of Act I. Unfortunately she gave no sign that she had thought or felt much about the role: her acting was superficial and she remained a ballet dancer putting on the obvious expression at each moment. But what I found even more depressing was the fact that her dancing was quite unmusical; even when the rhythm of the music was simple and obvious she went right across it, and her phrasing was poor. In her future career she will have to tackle music and choreography much more difficult than anything to be found in *Cinderella*, and I believe the time has come for her to seek out a highly-musical teacher and concentrate on this aspect of her work.

Nadia Nerina, dancing *Cinderella* on 15th January, gave the performance of her life in Act I. Every detail was clearly thought out and subordinated to her general conception. She made Cinders

essentially sad and pathetic: there were flashes of high spirits, but before long her shoulders would begin to droop, and her face would take on the lineaments of a forlorn maiden. When there was dancing to do she threw herself into the movements with the courage of despair, filling out each movement with real feeling for the music. I particularly admired the way she kept up the part during the long passages when Cinders is no more than a spectator: each change in the action found its reflection in her posture and facial expression. Though her Cinders was completely different from that of any previous interpreter of the role, it was completely convincing. Even to see her pluck impishly at the straws of the broom was a delight. In the great days of the Imperial Russian Ballet the rank of "ballerina" implied outstanding personality and individuality as well as technical ability, and here one could see Nadia Nerina doing honour to her rank.

In Act II and in the second part of Act III, she was much less well cast: in fact her performance might almost be described as the opposite of Beriosova's. The mysterious, piercing beauty of line which the great classical ballerina shows in a straight classical solo or pas de deux is just outside Nerina's grasp; her face, too is more suited to a forlorn maiden than a princess. But she applied herself with the greatest energy and assurance to the princess role, deploying a technique so solid that the most difficult steps looked easy. One day, I hope, a choreographer will create for her a role which is suited to her temperament and appearance and gives full scope to her dramatic ability as well as her strong technique.

David Blair, as the Prince, partnered both Anya Linden and Nadia Nerina. In the past he appeared slightly ill at ease in the standard cavalier roles (which offer no scope to his dramatic abilities); but now he has come to terms with them, achieving the right combination of grace and virility and establishing his own personality while at the same time acting as a discreet and considerate partner.

INDRANI

We are living in a fascinating period of discovery; one after another, great Oriental classical styles (with far longer pedigrees than Western ballet) are being revealed to us. Three years ago Srimati Shanta showed us Mohini Attam; last summer Srimati Rita showed us the full range of the female aspect of Kathakali; and now Srimati Indrani has shown us Orissi, of which not even the existence was known in the West before she arrived.

Orissi, like Bharata Natyam, is an age-old female classical solo style and owes its preservation in a wonderfully pure state to its association with temples; unlike Bharata Natyam, however, it still is normally performed in temples by temple dancers. The region to which it belongs lies in the East of Central India; in fact it lies between South and North, and Orissi unites in a fascinating way the characteristic features of Southern and Northern classical styles, as well as possessing features unique to it. The arm and leg poses have a fine clear line—some positions are almost identical with those of Kathakali in the South-West—but the movements are essentially fluid and lyrical, paralleling lyrical phrases of sung melody in a way somewhat reminiscent of the dances of Manipur in North-East India. Some of the movements peculiar to Orissi are very attractive—notably the swaying movements of the hips and the little backward runs on the heels.

Indrani is the first professional dancer to master this ancient dance and take it from the temples to the theatre. She is admirably suited by temperament and physique for this style: her movements are sensuous and fluid, and she has an engaging *joie de vivre* which imbues every detail of her dancing—from the sparkling eye movements to the crisp rhythms beaten out by her feet.

These same qualities are prominent in her Bharata Natyam. Though she trained under the same guru as Rita (the great Chockalingam Pillai) her temperament is so different that the same *adavus* (standard enchainements) produce a very different effect. Indrani's personal style was seen at its best in a Tillana in Tisram rhythm; in theory this is pure dance, with no element of drama, but Indrani made the head movements, flashing arms and lilting rhythms delightfully coquettish. Here is a dancer who smiles most of the time, and attunes her movements to the smile.

She was admirably accompanied by four first-class musicians: V. C. Lokiah (Bharata Natyam singer), Krishna Pillai (drummer) Srinavasa Murthy (flautist) and Deva Prasad Das (Orissi guru, singer and drummer). Three recitals were arranged by the Asian Music Circle, but hundreds were turned away from the third, so that a fourth had to be arranged at short notice. This represents something new in the reception of Indian dancing in England, and augurs well for the future.

**It has now been announced that Norman Dixon's new ballet will be presented at the next Sunday Ballet Club evening on April 26th.—EDITOR.*

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

ANNUAL REPORT 1957-1958



This year, for the first time, financial accounts and a Report of the year's work have been published by the Board of Directors of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for general release.

Here are some points from this publication.

BALLET AND OPERA

Receipts

House receipts	£334,885
Tour receipts	611,009
Broadcasting receipts	£12,780
Less expenses	5,516
	7,264
Sundry receipts	5,566
Bar profit	6,980
Profit on programmes	8,181
Profit on books, postcards	5,350
Revenue from hire of opera glasses	371
	20,882
Other receipts	7,026
	986,632
Total receipts	986,632
Less loss on cloakroom	57
Less loss on catering and staff restaurant	7,088
	7,145
	£979,487

This seems a nice healthy sum to work with—until you take a look at the expenditure account which totals £1,297,835, leaving a deficit of £318,348 of which the Arts Council made a grant of £302,000, still leaving a loss of £16,348 to be carried forward to the following year.

For those of my readers with a penchant for figures the accounts will disclose many interesting items but it is not my intention in the space of this short article to give the full details of the expenditure. Simplified, the cost of production cost £62,048 (including salaries and wages and a sum written down for this item). Contract payments,

salaries and wages for artists and management, orchestra, stage and staff, administration, front of house etc., account for another £818,968. Included in the remaining balance are many items which the layman would not take into account—£57,382 for building expenditure, £18,486 for royalties and performing fees. The three largest remaining items are £173,667 for travelling, hotel expenses and subsistence allowances, touring expenses £58,702, and publicity and advertising (including salaries and wages) £45,406.

The Directors say in the report that they are quite clear that the difficulties do not spring from wasteful administration, and they continue "the cutting down of expenditure has already exceeded the bounds of what is prudent. Both opera and ballet have been limited in their new productions to an extent which must eventually have positively adverse effects on the box-office," but on page 12 *The Prince of Pagodas*, the only new three act-ballet for which the average paid attendance are quoted separately in the report, we see that it was a dismal failure from the box-office point of view, averaging only 1,542 per performance as against 2,120 for *The Sleeping Beauty*.

In 1956/57—the year of the Bolshoi visit, the house receipts for the visitors were £98,601, and for our own companies £307,866, making a peak year total of £406,467 (page 22 of the report), but don't jump to the conclusion that the answer to the problem is to invite famous foreign companies generally, for the report says: "Broadly speaking, our experience suggests that, save in the case of international companies with appeal such as the Scala and Bolshoi Ballet, the arrangement of visiting performances is a highly speculative enterprise."

And there does not seem to be much hope of pulling many chestnuts out of the fire by sending our Ballet Company abroad for on page 29 there is a table which shows the following results. In 1953/54 the Ballet Company took £532,310 on their U.S.A./Canada tour, resulting in a profit of £111,784, but in 1957/58, although the

—Continued on page 10

New Books



SERGE LIFAR *The Three Graces* The Legends and the Truth

Biographical studies of three graces of the ballet—Pavlova, Karsavina and Spessivtzeva—which set out to dispel many of the legends that have grown up around them. Much of the detail of these portraits comes from Lifar's own close association with the dancers and his unrivalled knowledge and experience combine to make these three portraits as close to life as we are ever likely to get.

Illustrated 25s. net

CASSELL

Ballet Music. By Roger Fiske. (Harrap, 12s. 6d.)

Books on music for the ballet have always been conspicuous by their absence. Edwin Evans, that fine musicologist and lover of the ballet, did something to rectify this, but many years ago. Now the situation seems to be changing and already this winter has produced three new publications. I can most heartily recommend the latest. Its simple, direct approach makes it excellent for use in schools, but it is also a 'must' for everyone who wishes to increase his enjoyment in going to the ballet and to appreciate more fully the music's link with the choreographer's intention.

Only ballets with specially commissioned scores have been selected as subject matter. I feel the others have been somewhat summarily dismissed. There must be just as many lasting ballets set to ready-made music as there are otherwise though, of course, there is no doubt as to which is the better method. *Sylphides, Carnaval, Façade, Jardin aux Lilas, Fête Etrange, Symphonic Variations, Pineapple Poll* are just a few random examples of previously composed music that has been used with the happiest of results.

The eleven ballets chosen include all the full-lengths (except, surprisingly, *Cinderella*) in today's repertoire outside Russia, and four short ones: *Petrushka, Firebird, Daphnis and Chloë*, and *Job*. The scores are analysed, the action described, there are many musical quotations, especially of *leitmotifs*, and when, as in *Petrushka*, the composer has introduced a folk or popular song into his score, the words are given as well. Also there is a most valuable record of cuts and interpolations. It is only when one has studied the scores of the great full-length ballets, and done some research into their histories that one begins to realise the complexity and extent of the changes that have taken place during the perilous journey down the years. With the possible exception of *Swan Lake*—where Petipa certainly improved on the original production—these changes have been to the detriment of the ballets concerned. When we get the chance of seeing a fuller version, as in the Bolshoi *Giselle*, or of hearing a complete score, as in Mercury's music of *The Sleeping Beauty*, it is evident that everything is to be said for making these restorations.

I must protest when Dr. Fiske describes the *divertissement* as a padding-out of the plot completely holding up the action. M. Petipa and his contemporaries developed the libretto to suit their convenience and were quite capable of inventively filling the allotted span, so there was no necessity for padding. The *divertissement* with its variety of character, demi-caractère and classical dances was an important and much anticipated part of the performance, giving opportunity to the younger members of the company to show their paces in their own particular field, and for the audience to watch the progress of their favourites and spot the winners of the future. It also revealed the infinite variety of the choreographer's art and the soloist strength of a company. It was all part of the fun of going to the ballet. This all still holds good today, though we take our pleasures more sadly and it becomes fashionable in some quarters to regard the *divertissement* with bored tolerance.

The Three Graces. By Serge Lifar. Translated by Gerald Hopkins. (Cassell, 21s.)

It is a pity this book is so discursive and therefore fails to make the impact it would have had it been better constructed, for Lifar is an illustrious figure in the world of ballet, and here he is writing from his unique experience and knowledge. But his main theme is swamped by rambling chapters on "forerunners" and "harbingers," on previous eras and other matters. An allusion to Pushkin and his use of ballet terms, for instance, is the excuse for a long analysis of the arabesque running into ten pages. All these things have much interest but only in relation to the subject matter, and can become tedious to the reader who has not forgotten, even if the author has, that he is waiting to know more about three particular dancers—Pavlova, Karsavina and Spessivtseva, the Graces of the title. If only Lifar had expanded and concentrated on this section, keeping redundant material for another book, and at the same time used less space for correcting details and riding hobby-horses, we would have had a much more satisfying work.

The chapter on Pavlova is outspoken and provocative. Though he subscribes to her greatness, he does not spare his criticism. He sees her as someone who was unable to rise to the full magnitude of her genius and blames Dandré for this, accusing him of sacrificing her to his own commercial outlook. Karsavina he regards as the living incarnation of harmony, but there is too little about her and too much

Books reviewed by Pigeon Crowle continued at foot col. 2, page 10.



Three delightful stories about ballet Jean Estoril DRINA DANCES IN EXILE

The third book in this popular series for girls who love reading about Ballet.

The two earlier books in this attractive series recommended for all ballet-lovers:

BALLET FOR DRINA

How Drina began her career as a dancer—"told in a refreshing style, and will appeal to ballet lovers of all ages."

Manchester Evening News.

DRINA'S DANCING YEAR

"Drina herself is a likeable girl and the incidents in her career are interesting enough to hold the attention of young ballet lovers without being improbable."

Times Lit. Supp.

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Recordings

FAUST

The sound of an ever popular item such as the ballet music from Act 5 of Gounod's *Faust*, being churned out by this or that mediocre orchestra—which happens only too frequently—can eventually make you feel quite nauseated! But it is not necessarily the music that is at fault. Listen to Karajan and the Philharmonia Orchestra, Columbia 33CX1588, playing this work. A great conductor puts so much time, thought and care into rehearsing his performance that subtle phrasing and artistry brings the whole thing to life. And so you will find it on this disc. It is preceded by ballet music from *William Tell*—to conjure in your mind that exquisite picture of Markova during the last Italian Opera season at Drury Lane. Finally a complete side of *Gaîté Parisienne* to recall the veteran Massine in the autumn visit of the de Cuevas Company. Of this type of record, it is one of the best.

THE CONCERT

Chopin's *Preludes, Op. 28*, are so often used for balletic works—No. 15, for instance, the "Raindrop" in Robbins' *The Concert* and of course the famous No. 7 in *Les Sylphides*—and the great pianist, Rubinstein, gives us them all on RCA, RB16110. Perhaps the treatment of one or two err on the side of excess vigour but otherwise they are finely played. Unfortunately the recording level is not always constant nor is the surface noise always quiet but these do not, by any means, put the disc out of court.

PETER AND THE WOLF

It is a long time since I have heard this delightful work of Prokofiev, which Walter Gore choreographed so deliciously, completely capturing the right atmosphere as narrator. Peter Ustinov, Columbia 33CX1559, though good, is far too straight but Karajan with the Philharmonia, saves the situation with a freshness and perkiness which, to me, immediately brought a vision of the one and only Peter—Sally Gilmour. The recording is very good.

LA SOURCE

The latest selection by Mackerras and the Covent Garden Orchestra, HMV, CLP1195, from *La Source*, together with Maag's on Decca LXT5422, pretty well covers all the items, apart from No. 17, The Arrival of Nourreda, which Delibes wrote for a ballet that he shared with Minkus. As you would expect Mackerras gives as good a performance as his rival—or nearly so—but the new disc does score with the only recording at the moment of Messager's *Les Deux Pigeons*.

GERMAN DANCES

Mozart rarely fails one and Harry Bleck with the London Mozart Players, HMV, CLP1209, gives a most attractive concert of the *Three German Dances, K605, Four Minuets, K601* and the *Posthorn Serenade, K320*. One can so well imagine the satisfaction of the dancers as they moved to his delicate and witty music. Although Bleck's renderings are most agreeable, they cannot be said to be inspired. Compare the end of "The Sleigh Bells" with Beecham's—the horn fades so exquisitely into the distance!

BOLERO

The choice of programme on RCA, RB16130, will obviously appeal to many ballet lovers—Ravel's *Bolero, La Valse* and *Rapsodie Espagnole*, and Debussy's *L'Après-midi*—each one has been choreographed many times. With Munch conducting the Boston S.O., we should have been safe, but this is the exception to the rule—his *L'Après-midi* is high-powered, his *Bolero* monotonous and his *La Valse* lacks mystery and sensuality. I was very surprised that he could produce anything so uninteresting.

LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE

I am sorry but I cannot recommend this performance conducted by Eugene Goossens, BLP1104. For the most part I find it so lifeless that I suggest you turn to Solti on Decca LXT5341. Here you will find the sparkle and gaiety this scintillating music needs.

LES PETITS RIENS

To round off more happily is this enchanting music, which Mozart wrote when he was in Paris for the great ballet master, Noverre. Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Decca LW5348, successfully brings out the inherent grace and charm—a disc you will always enjoy.

BEDFORD CROWLE

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TCHAIKOVSKY

ERNEST ANSERMET

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M LXT 5501/2

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U.S.A./Canada tour netted receipts of £542,196, only £14,204 actual profit was made. The report continues, "a profit of £14,204 cannot be regarded as a success for a visit involving 140 performances plus a television performance... All this does not mean that such tours will never be profitable in the future, but it certainly suggests that easement to the financial situation of the Company from this source is not to be expected for at least three years to come."

Concluding the survey, the report continues, "We see no hope of alleviating this position in the near future by further American tours."

It cannot be doubted that the Board has a formidable task, although since the publication of this report it has been announced that the Government has made further grants for the arts and Covent Garden will receive more, but with costs rising all the time it is still doubtful whether this will be enough. The man-in-the-street, cannot think where all the money goes and unless he be a confirmed ballet or opera devotee asks why he should be asked to foot the bill for the pleasure of a few. Ballet supporters claim that ballet costs less and earns more than opera, but whatever our opinion of the need for ballet and/or opera, management, expenditure or policy of the opera house, the issue goes much deeper than that. London has always been considered one of the finest centres of culture for those coming from abroad. If our opera house should close there is no gainsaying the fact that it would not only lower our national standards but also national prestige.

Any undertaking bolstered by heavy grants from public funds is suspect of wasteful practices. Now that the Opera House accounts are to be published each year the public will have an opportunity of judging whether their money is being well spent. Copies of the Annual Report and Accounts are on sale at the Royal Opera House, price one shilling.

Serge Lido

BALLET NO. 8

Lido's magnificent photographs reproduced in first-class photo-gravure provide for the ballet-omane an exciting record of the work of leading dancers and designers from all over the world.

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A few copies are still available of Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 price 35s. each.

Although everyone likes looking at pictures and admirable as this book is, A. & C. Black would like to remind ballet-omanes (who are able to read) that they have a long and important list of books on ballet—books on technique, criticism, design, history, biography and—books of pictures! Write to 4, 5 & 6 Soho Square, London, W.1 for a list.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of *Ballet Today*.

Dear Madam,

I was very interested by Miss Pigeon Crowle's comments on my review of her book *Your Book of Ballet*. Being on the one hand a ballet historian, and on the other hand in almost daily contact with teachers and children over problems involved in presenting complex up-to-date material to children, I am very much concerned with the questions raised in my review and her letter. Where we differ, I think, is on the manner in which one should present to children something on which both history books and popular usage are very muddled. I feel very strongly that one must not teach anything to children which is misleading: one should not, for example, give them the idea that *Swan Lake* is typically "classical" in contrast to the "romantic" ballet *Giselle* when *Swan Lake* is quite as romantic as *Giselle*—and both are treated in popular usage as "classical ballets." If a writer is not prepared to unravel this confusion, he should avoid the use of the words "classical" and "romantic" altogether. My point about the classification of dancers is rather similar: here I am happy to follow the lead given by Noverre, who described the traditional classification of dancers into types, but looked forward to a new type of ballet which would give greater opportunities to dancers' potentialities of development. As the new type of ballet was created by Noverre (and every great choreographer who followed him), it is, I think, important to give children some slight idea of the extremely varied demands made on dancers by great modern ballets. (As I pointed out in *Modern English Ballet*, the role of Petrushka cuts right across the traditional classification.)

Finally I emphasize that I recommend Miss Crowle's book: our disagreements are over small details.

Yours faithfully,
FERNAU HALL

"LYLIA"

Dear Madam,

The very kind review on "An Evening of Modern Dance" by Mr. Fernau Hall on page six of your current issue is very much appreciated.

I am sure however that you would care to be advised that my daughter—Rosemary Cockayne—was not trained by Mr. Sigurd Leeder, of whom I have the greatest admiration. Miss Cropley and Miss Mlada were so.

Rosemary (who incidentally is just 15 years of age) has always been trained in the pure Classical sphere and has never attended lessons in the Modern.

Her sole teacher is Mr. Stanislas Idzikowski.

I feel you should be made aware of this in fairness to Mr. Idzikowski.

Thanking You,

Yours faithfully,

Harold E. Cockayne-Biggers

Extract of a Letter from a Reader

I am a member of the Queensland Ballet Society and put on monthly film shows, including some short films I have made myself, some purchased and some hired. Will you ask your readers if they know of any 16 m.m. films of Spanish dancing that may be available for sale, and if so details and prices.

May I conclude with a word of disappointment at the selection of Royal Ballet personnel due here soon. If Fonteyn is not available couldn't they have spared Beriosova or Lindsay. If not Somes, Blair. Only the best were good enough for U.S.A. why not for Australia?

T. C. Tyrrell-Lewis. 38, Rochdale Avenue, Annerley, Brisbane. December, 1958.

NEW BOOKS—Continued from page 8

about Fokine and Gorsky. The long section devoted to the exquisite and tragic Spessivtseva is the best in the book, though the sad end is hardly bearable. Lifar was her friend and partner from the Diaghilev days, he considers her the greatest dancer of her time and his vivid study is both poignant and revealing.

There are a number of surprising statements and the old story of the failure of Diaghilev's revival of *The Sleeping Princess* receives a new twist when we learn that this was because the late Gubelkian, international financier, who had backed the show, had also fallen in love with Spessivtseva who was one of its ballerinas. When she refused to respond to his advances, he withdrew his support and impounded the scenery and so, in spite of the fact that the box-office takings were good, it was impossible for the season to continue.

The translation is admirable, the jacket charming, and there are a number of illustrations.

PIGEON CROWLE

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Ballet Charrat. Janine Charrat (who also did the choreography) in *Les Liens*.

Photographing the Ballet



SERGO LIDO

PARIS

I BEGAN as a dance photographer in 1938.

I qualified at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques and worked first of all in a bank and then in the Paris office of the Rockefeller Centre in New York. When I bought a Rolleiflex in 1937, I began to take photographs in my spare moments of friends who were dancers and thanks to connections in the newspaper world (my wife Irène Lidova was a dance critic in many papers) these photos were often published. Gradually, I took to reporting and at the beginning of 1939, I became one of the principal collaborators in *France Magazine* and other magazines.

It is difficult to talk of my method. More often than not, one is obliged to work under rehearsal conditions, as up to now, directors of theatres have not understood that to have good records to show to future generations competent photographers must be given the opportunity to work under normal conditions. This very rarely occurs.

When I work in my studio, I strive to reproduce the style and atmosphere of the ballet and then to bring out the personality of the artiste. A pose and an expression that are just right must in my opinion take precedence over the question of pure technique. For example, the photos of the ballet *La Cage* sent to Europe from New York astound me. This ballet is danced against a very black decor with night lighting, whilst the photographs in question are taken on a white background with the characters very strongly lit. The theatrical photographer, except in particular cases, must portray the setting of the spectacle in such a way that someone who looks at the photographs without having seen the original can have the most authentic picture of it. I also consider that to succeed with dance photographs, one must love the dance and dancers and, above all, be on good terms with them. They must have confidence in you. For this reason, I often

—Continued on page 13



Paris Opera

Liane Daydé and Michel Renault in *Romeo and Juliet*



Opera Comique

Claude Bessy and Max Bozzoni in *Bel Indifferent*

Ballet Béjart

Michele Seigneuret and Maurice Béjart in *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul*



Babilée Company

Babilée and Violette Verdy at rehearsal



All photographs in this feature are by Serge Lido



Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine in *Somnambule* with the Ballet de Cuevas

SERGE LIDO

attend courses of dancing and follow the artistic development of young artists. I frequently attend meetings where new creations are discussed and new seasons are prepared. It is this friendly atmosphere, full of confidence which allows one to serve the choreographic art worthily and to transmit to future generations the exact picture of the choreography of today.

I think that I have photographed practically all the stars of the dance world. Nearly all have been so kind as to pose for me. Last year I had the opportunity of photographing Galina Ulanova in her dressing room.

Amongst my most stirring memories was my meeting with Nijinsky. During the war rumour had it that he was dead. Whilst serving as a war correspondent in Austria, I found myself in Innsbruck in 1945 where I heard it said that a dancer was living with his wife in a chateau 30-40 kilometres away. No one knew his name. I decided to go there. With great difficulty I obtained transport and a travel warrant (for it was in another zone) and I presented myself there. I was received

by a lady, it was Mme. Nijinska. She was delighted to see at last someone coming from Paris. A little while afterwards, she took me to Nijinsky's room. I had never seen him before and I will never forget that moment. On entering, I saw an elderly man reclining on a divan looking at us with astute quite normal eyes. He said nothing. I began to flick the light of my small projector on and off. Nijinsky began to smile: he was quite at home with me and the light amused him like a child. "Carry on, you could photograph him now" Mme. Nijinska said to me. When I returned to Paris with these photos, the friends of Nijinsky and the Ballets Russes could not believe their eyes. Mr. de Brunhoff, director of *Vogue* (where these photographs first appeared) began to cry. It was through these photos that it became known that Nijinsky was still alive.

SERGE LIDO

Photographing the Ballet

The third in a series of selections from the works of famous photographers





Colette Marchand
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Monte Carlo



SERGE LIDO, PARIS



Rosella Hightower
Piège de Lumière
Ballet de Cuevas



Christl Zimmerl with Willy Dirl in *The Moor of Venice*
rehearsing in the beautiful park at Nervi
when the Vienna State Opera Ballet
visited there for the first
time in 1958.



With Richard Adama in *Medusa*.

Photo: Oscar Horowitz

Our Monte Carlo critic reviews this ballet on page 19.

CAREERS IN PICTURES

CHRISTL ZIMMERL

TO BE chosen for a leading role at the early age of sixteen is something that dancers dream about yet seldom achieve, but this is what happened to Christl Zimmerl ballerina of the Vienna Staatsoper. Even more exciting was the fact that she was to dance this role at the grand re-opening of the great theatre, now rebuilt after its destruction during the war.

When choosing Christl for the role of Desdemona, Professor Erika Hanka had no doubt that Christl could master the role technically, but it was quite an experiment to see if a girl of this age could express the emotions of this character, innocence, love, devotion, despair and deathly fear.

However, the ballet was premièred in November, 1955, and given eleven times during that season, each time they played to a full house and the critics were warm in their praise. But it must not be thought that this wonderful opportunity fell into her lap without plenty of hard work, 11½ years of it to be exact, for she commenced dancing lessons at the early age of 4½ with Professor Willy Fränzl, previously premier danseur at the Vienna State Opera. He advised her to enter

the Opera Ballet School for examination in 1948 and after another five long years of hard training and rigid examinations twice a year, she was taken over by the management at the age of 14 as a member of the Vienna State Opera Ballet, and placed in the corps de ballet.

In 1954 she was invited amongst other selected members to sign a contract for the Salzburg Festival, where she danced in all three ballets then being performed.

The following year her great opportunity came, she was chosen by Professor Hanka to dance the role of Desdemona in *The Moor of Venice*, with Willy Dirlt as Othello at the opening of the Staatsoper.

Soon after this she was given the role of Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*, and Donna Elvira in *Don Juan*, followed by the pas de deux in *Don Quixote*, the Bluebird pas de deux and the pas de six from *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Other roles she danced were the Goddess Ceres in *The Tempest*, *Nutcracker Suite*, and, in 1957, created the role of Medusa in the ballet of that name, with Willy Dirlt as Perseus and Richard Adama as the blind sailor.

CHRISTL ZIMMERL—Continued

Christl has danced at the Bregenz Festival where the dancing takes place on a brilliantly illuminated stage on the lake, and last year she danced at the Festival of Nervi, in Genoa.

There have been many thrilling moments in her young life but there have been heavy sorrows too. Last year her mother who had done so much to make her a star and was always by her side became ill, and after almost a year of suffering passed away. Another sad bereavement when Professor Hanka, Director of the Ballet at the Staatsoper passed away suddenly in May last year, for she had been a friend and wise counsellor to Christl for many years as the child emerged into womanhood.

Christl has been called "Austria's morning-star of ballet" but whatever triumphs the future holds for her she will deserve them all, for her life has been devoted to her work from an age when most children are out at play, and no matter what her difficulties have been she has steadfastly overcome them.

... ROLES DANCED ...

Desdemona in	<i>Moor of Venice (Creation)</i>
Myrtha in	<i>Giselle</i>
Donna Elvira in	<i>Don Juan</i>
Pas de deux in	<i>Don Quixote</i>
Bluebird (Pas de deux) in	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i>
Aurora (Grand pas de deux) in	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i>
Prelude in	<i>Les Sylphides</i>
Valse des fleurs in	<i>Nutcracker Suite</i>
Queen of hearts in	<i>La Boutique fantasque</i>
Pas de trois in	<i>Swan Lake</i>
Leading swan in	<i>Swan Lake</i>
Florence in	<i>Joan of Zarissa</i>
Diva de la Stella in	<i>Hotel Sacher</i>
Medusa in	<i>Medusa (Creation)</i>
Penelope in	<i>Homerische Symphony</i>
Nurse in	<i>Petrouchka</i>
Adagio, Allegro vivace in	<i>Symphony in C</i>
Title role in	<i>Puppenfee</i>

With Willy Dirlt in the *Don Quixote* pas de deux at the Bregenz Festival, 1958.



Above: As Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*.

Below: In the title role of *Puppenfee*. Photo: Fayer



News from the World

MONTE CARLO



J. R. FARRINGTON

WINTER SEASON 1958-59

For the Winter Season in the Salle Garnier here Monsieur Eugène Grunberg presented so many ballets and collected so many stars to dance them that I am at a loss to do justice to all in the space available. For we had Janine Charrat's Ballet de France, the Viennese Opera Ballet and Maurice Béjart's Ballet-Théâtre de Paris with Fonteyn and Somes, Daydé and Algaroff as guest dancers. And all these in 12 days. Probably only in Monte Carlo could such a feast of ballet be given.

Ballet de France opened with the sparkling and technically neat *Dominos*, effectively costumed in black and white. The perfect co-ordination between dance and music in the Grieg *Concerto*, very sensitively danced by the choreographer Janine Charrat and Jean Giuliano, produced an item of great charm. The Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra, now much improved, blended finely with the piano of Jacqueline Emery, who well deserved her call to the stage. Charrat used the theme of a man and a woman caught in the web of Destiny for her ballet *Les Liens*, to music by Ivan Semenoff. Bernard Daydé's décor was simple and adequate; a web of cords.* The couple, Charrat and Adolfo Andrade, finally extricate themselves from the bonds, only to be again entangled when they fall asleep exhausted. This was a promising ballet, although I thought that the choreography did not altogether make the most of the story. Aided by décor and costumes by Felix Labisse, which well brought out the mediaeval atmosphere, Lifar's *Francesca da Rimini*, to music by Tchaikowsky, proved quite exciting. Both Hélène Trailine as Francesca and Giuliano as Paul excelled in the subtle "nuances" of this story of youthful passion yielding unwillingly but inexorably to adulterous love. Paul Maure was stern and sombre as the unattractive husband.

It was interesting to find that in this season we were to see two versions of *Le Mandarin Merveilleux*. Ballet de France brought the Hungarians Vera Pasztor and Erno Vashegyi to dance the girl and the mandarin to the choreography of Vashegyi, who seemed unduly modest in the dancing he allotted to himself. The blonde Pasztor, vivid in revealing scarlet, well portrayed the girl, shrinking from the ugly role forced upon her by the hoodlums, Elvin, Mouhedine and Dobry. The agony of the mandarin was not unduly horrific or prolonged. The décor of Max Rothlisberger was excellent, cleverly showing without shift of scenery the sordid room of the girl, the balcony from which she accosted her clients and the attics from which the hoodlums watched their victims.

The second programme of Ballet de France began gaily with *Dessin pour les Six*. Trailine and Giuliano then danced the *Don Quichotte* pas de deux, to music by Minkus,

with a finish and brio that well merited the applause. Giuliano is a dancer with good presence and technique and we hope to see him again. I must have failed to grasp the full meaning of Charrat's *Chimère*, to music by Jacques Thiérac. Andrade, pursued by three ladies with uninhibited enthusiasm, appeared most gallantly to deal with such concentrated female attention. But the dancing was good, if somewhat erotic. *Arlequin*, to music by Daniel Stirn and choreography by Charrat, struck just the right note of lively comedy. Josette Clavier, Gallic in her naughtiness, had a veritable Jack-in-the-box in Leon de Pian, her Arlequin. His retreats to the property basket on the appearances of the formidable Paul Maure, her husband, were most amusing.

I was much impressed by the grim story of madness *Les Algues*, to music by Guy Bernard and choreography by Charrat. Décor and costumes by Castelli were also grimly realistic. The actions of the man (Milorad Miskovitch) had driven insane the delicate and sensitive girl (Charrat). She has been shut up in a common madhouse into which the man, feigning lunacy, secures admission in the hope of restoring her to sanity. His efforts fail. Charrat was entirely convincing as the mad girl, dancing with ethereal lightness and pathetically "lost" expression. Miskovitch danced with complete mastery, gentle and pleading with the girl and forcefully virile with the lunatics. His skirmish with the attendants and subsequent struggles in a strait jacket were hair raising. The lunatics, each with his or her peculiar affliction, were extremely well portrayed and the detail work of the corps de ballet was exemplary. Altogether a gripping ballet on an unpleasant theme, really well produced.

Viennese Opera Ballet brought a large company from Vienna for its three performances. The Ballet is subsidised by the State under the Minister of Education and all entrants to the Ballet pass through the Opera School. The Ballet is tied to the Staatsoper for 10 months in the year and little touring is possible, though a visit was made to the Festival at Nervi last summer. Next year a tour of the U.S.A. is projected and dancers told me that they would much like to appear in an Edinburgh Festival. Viennese Ballet has been strongly influenced by the late Erika Hanka who was Maîtresse de Ballet there for 17 years and whose choreography was used for four out of the five ballets given in Monte Carlo.

Symphonie en Ut, a ballet in four movements by Dimitri Parlic to music by Georges Bizet and costumes by Dusan Ristic most successfully introduced the company to the audience. I found the Adagio of Christl Zimmerl and Karl Musil particularly attractive. A large corps de ballet showed some good ensembles. *Méduse*, by Gale Hoffman, music by Gottfried von Einem and choreography by Hanka was set in the simple décor of a sea shore and told the story of the

Gorgons, three sisters with hair of vipers and whose look turned the observer to stone. Several unfortunates meet this fate until the sea throws up a sailor, Richard Adama, whom the salt water has blinded. He dances with Méduse (Christl Zimmerl) until in an access of passion he grasps her by the hair. Horrified, he staggers back into the sea. Persée (Karl Musil) now appears. He has been warned by the gods and uses his shield as a mirror. Méduse, whose earthly feelings as a woman have been aroused, dances with him. Sword in hand he appears to yield, but only to get her into a position where he can kill her. She falls dead in the sand. This ballet was well developed and admirably danced.

Hotel Sacher, a Hanka ballet to music by Max Schönherr, is a gay and somewhat inconsequential frolic centred on the famous Hotel Sacher in Vienna. The six tableaux render it a bit too long for such a light theme but some good dancing compensated for this. Adama and Edeltraut Brenner were outstanding as the flirtacious attaché in pursuit of the famous diva, especially giving us a fine pas de deux in the classic tradition. Willy Dirlt, a somewhat comic head waiter, made the most of his "affaire" with the delightful little violet seller, Erika Zlocha. We did not see enough of the domineering cigar-smoking Frau Sacher, Mady Weiss.

I felt that the décor of Wakhewitsch for Hanka's version of *Le Mandarin Merveilleux* suffered inevitably from comparison with the setting of Rothlisberger, seen only a few days before. Apparently the Viennese décor had to be drastically cut to fit the stage and the action took place almost entirely in the girl's room. But this could not detract from the powerful characterisation of Dirlt as the Mandarin and Dietlinde Klemisch as the girl. Dirlt convincingly ran the whole gamut of the emotions, from oriental impassivity through awakened passion to his long drawn out agony by pillow, knife and rope. His death from the kiss of the girl was most moving. Klemisch was hard and efficient in dealing with her impecunious clients, changing to feline grace with the dying Chinaman. The hoodlums did little beyond despatching the victim. Altogether a very good ballet. A last minute change in programme prevented my seeing Hanka's *Otello*. After the final matinée the S.B.M. gave a reception for the company at the Hotel de Paris, which gave us a welcome opportunity of meeting the dancers informally. Vienna Ballet certainly made a good impression here.

The season certainly closed on a high note. Formed in 1957 the Ballet-Théâtre de Paris of Maurice Béjart and Pimentel has met with understandable success. For this small company has a pleasing, individual character, with a high standard of training. Béjart is a choreographer with both talent and originality and although I did not like the prospect of seven ballets by one man actually the programmes were well balanced.

(Continued overleaf)

*See photo, page 11

Pulcinella, to music by Vivaldi and décor and costumes by Bernard Daydé, proved one of the most attractive ballets that I have seen here. The story is in XVIIIth century Naples, where the Duke has become enamoured of the leading lady in a group of strolling players. The Duchess is not deceived and after much amusing intrigue, finally dances with the Duke when disguised as the comedienne. When this lady finally appears and the Duke becomes aware of the trick, all ends happily. Both music and décor perfectly suited the theme and among much good dancing I particularly noted Jean Blanchard as the Duke and Janine Monin as the Duchess. *Pavane pour une Infante Defunte* to music by Ravel, choreography by Jean Combes and décor by Jacques Rapp, opens with four sombre duennas guarding the portrait of the dead girl. The young man appears and the portrait comes to life; they dance under the disapproving eyes of the duennas who finally lead the girl back to the frame as the lights fade. Ravel's music was delightful and Liane Daydé and Algaroff danced this short pas de deux with great sensibility and finish.

The smallness of the Salle Garnier gave us a welcome opportunity of really appreciating the lovely technique of Margot Fonteyn and Soma in the pas de deux from *Ondine*. It was all too soon over. Daydé and Algaroff again gave us the nostalgic *Annabel Lee*, which they danced at the Prince's Gala last November, singing was by Michel Carey.

The second half of the programme was all Béjart. *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul*, to "musique concrète" by Pierre Henry and Pierre Schaeffer, was essentially modern, figurative and athletic. Béjart and Michèle Seigneuret danced with clear-cut precision, Tania Bari also dancing well. I did not think that Janine Morin and Germinal Casado got much assistance from the well known music by Verdi in their *Violetta* pas de deux. It must have been somewhat of an ordeal for these dancers to follow so soon after Fonteyn and Daydé. It was getting late when the evening closed with *Études Rythmiques*, a series of dance studies set in an empty theatre. I found this ballet far too long and repetitive, one's power of appreciation of some good dancing inevitably becoming blunted.

Béjart opened the Sunday matinée with *L'Etranger*, to some effective recorded guitar music by Villa Lobos. Daydé's décor skilfully conveyed a tropical setting. The girl, Tania Bari, bored by her dull surroundings eagerly welcomes the stranger, Antonio Cano. But he must journey on. She dramatically hurls herself through her lattice prison to follow. Bari has an attractive presence and dances with smooth conviction. *Juliette* was remarkable for the effective use of recordings. The thoughts of the introspective young man, Blanchard, came over eerily as he danced. He lives in a dream world with the imaginary Juliette, Monin. She comes to dance with him at the dance studio, on a beach, in his room. Gimmicks cleverly show his disapproving family, which thinks the boy mad. Finally he drowns himself. A good ballet, well danced. In *Haut Voltage*, modern to "musique concrète" by Marius Constant and Pierre Henry, Michèle Seigneuret brought out all the evil of the Woman with the power of this Pierre Rhally's story. Béjart and Bari danced the man and the girl. The ballet repeated its Paris success.

J. R. FARRINGTON

New York

By WALTER SORELL

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

The first première during the winter season of The New York City Ballet was *Medea* choreographed by Birgit Cullberg whose *Miss Julie* was one of the more impressive works of the American Ballet Theatre early this season. Her *Medea* shows the same technique of the straight retelling of a well known dramatic story.

Miss Cullberg has the great gift of simplicity and terseness in her choreographic approach to a topic, there is no unnecessary phrase, no empty trimming of a situation. At the very beginning she sets the mood and from there she proceeds with a direct, arming directness to develop the story to its logical conclusion. It seems to be her trademark to stop and call the curtain down on her ballets with unexpected suddenness, thus giving her ballets a whipping intensity at the very end.

In her *Medea*, Jason and Creusa have less of their legendary greatness than might be expected. On the other hand, by reducing her figures to the stature of mere human beings who almost unwittingly become involved in their tragedy she brought them closer to our understanding. By the same token, this compelling tragedy loses its symbolic significance and, due to the simplicity of its narrative, it also lacks the surprise of a viewpoint.

But Miss Cullberg created eminently danceable roles. Melissa Hayden as Medea reaches dramatic intensity without obviously climbing to a state of fury. Violette Verdy is impressively seductive and Jacques d'Amboise proves his growing maturity in the conception and execution of his part. A kind of Greek chorus bridges the various sections and accentuates the action.

It seems to me that Miss Cullberg felt closer to Strindberg than to Euripides. This ballet might have gained by less restraint and more passion, by less simplicity and a more defined point of view. Then its remarkable choreography would have turned into a stirring experience.

The Seven Deadly Sins should properly be described as an exciting theatre piece with incidental dancing, not as a ballet. It is one of those didactic exercises which Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill created at the end of the "Twenties" to teach us a cynical and most sardonic lesson about life.

It is the story of two sisters from Louisiana, Anna I and Anna II, actually two halves of one personality, who live on the seediest edge of life and commit all the cardinal sins in the most flagrant manner in order to build a house for their pious family where they finally find a haven for the rest of their lives.

Brecht's words, Weill's music and Balanchine's choreography and staging conspire to make *The Seven Deadly Sins* a stunning, biting, hilarious work. And this in spite of the fact that its expressionistic style dates it as a period piece, that an obvious naïveté lies in its sophistication. Lotte Lenya as the singing Anna again proves that she is the best interpreter of Weill's music and of "The Threepenny Opera"—style whose unique stamp is on this piece, too. Miss Lenya's projection as a singer and actress is superb in its mixture of dramatic intensity and cold indifference.

Allegra Kent as the dancing Anna acts the main part of the unfolding drama and is touching in her innocence as much as in her moments of utter debasement. She shows herself as an excellent mime and is very expressive in however much or little dancing there is. But I think *The Seven Deadly Sins* is George Balanchine's triumph as a director and choreographer. When he did the same piece in Paris in 1933, with Lotte Lenya and Tilly Losch as the two Annas, it failed. Its revival vindicated Balanchine's nostalgic feeling for it, but it also proved that the style of a tantalizingly nervous era has caught up with us again.

A less happy event was another première of The New York City Ballet, Stravinsky's *Octet* for woodwinds staged by William Christensen.

Mr. Christensen, who is now Head of the Dance Department at the University of Utah, has engraved his name in the history book of the American dance as the founder of the San Francisco Ballet. He has come East for the first time, and it is unfortunate that the *Octet* is not an impressive piece of choreography. Four couples are handled with ease on the stage, they are nicely costumed in black and white, but there is little distinction in what they do and express.

Mr. Christensen created an abstract dance, but imposed a tiny literary idea on it by giving us the feeling of a drawing room comedy with its chitchat. The idea of people imitating each other and conforming quickly was hinted at, but this notion was stated more forcefully by John Butler in Menotti's *Unicorn* ballet. Stravinsky's score, melodically witty and lively, was not fully exploited dancewise.

The newly featured dancer, Edward Villella, and Barbara Walczak led the other three couples. On this occasion thanks should be given to Janet Reed, who this season functions as ballet mistress, for keeping the entire company in wonderful shape. Due to it, the repertory pieces are a joy to see again and the fact that the leading parts are in the hands of several ballerinas who alternate, gives the ballets constantly renewed interest.

The New York City Ballet has continued to dominate the ballet scene in Manhattan. Of the two scheduled new ballets for the last third of Part II of the company's tenth anniversary only one première materialised, with the other one—a more ambitious one-hour ballet to music by Webern—postponed for the third instalment of this season later in spring.

But even the new ballet, *Native Dancers*, choreographed to Vittorio Rieti's Fifth Symphony, looked as if George Balanchine was in a hurry and felt he had to toss in a new piece for the final weeks of the winter season. The eight dancers employed in it, wore authentic riding silks and caps, and the ladies were as stunningly costumed as the men. But, as cannot be concealed, less stunning was the choreography of this master of his craft.

The title of this ballet refers to one of the greatest American race horses. But this stallion never appears, we see only fillies and their jockeys. The winner is Patricia Wilde, with Jacques d'Amboise as her partner.

Both are excellent in their parts and, particularly Mr. d'Amboise, conveys the wry humour which lies at the bottom of the choreographic conception equating horses and dancers.

Although this ballet is not out of Balanchine's best stable, you can nevertheless bet your entrance fee that he will come up with a few visually beautiful ideas imitating the elegant movement of race horses. He uses hoops to show you the long leaps of horses over hurdles, and hoops again to prove to you how simple the most complex movement can be. Some of the steps and patterns reminiscent of horse movements are quite imaginative and exciting, only once in a while their obviousness becomes too cute.

David Hays has designed the simplest and most striking décor imaginable.

Through Violette Verdy's injury one of the great attractions was lost, and Birgit Cullberg's *Medea* could not be kept in the repertory. The other new ballet, William Christensen's *Octet* has been one of the poorest additions to the repertory and ought to be dropped next season since the company is not in need of opening numbers. This one certainly lowers the level of the programme and the mood of the audience.

As Balanchine's *Native Dancers* may have some popular appeal, but adds little to the stature of this great choreographer, the second part of this season winds up with *The Seven Deadly Sins* as the triumph of the company. But this terrific theatre piece by Brecht and Weill, staged by Mr. Balanchine, has too little dancing to satisfy the hunger of the balletomane. Everyone interested in the theatre will, undoubtedly, be grateful for the revival of this period piece in which Lotte Lenya and Allegra Kent as the singing and dancing Annas have given us one of the most memorable and titillating theatre experiences we have had in a long time. Also the box office enjoyed having *The Seven Deadly Sins* in the repertoire.

But those interested in the ballet had to rely more or less on the older pieces and on the many young dancers who have come to the fore. Balanchine's *Four Temperaments* to Hindemith's music scored best. It is remarkable for its creative movement invention and its wide range of dynamic emotionalism with a touch of poetry. It was beautifully danced by the company, above all by Todd Bolender, Allegra Kent and Melissa Hayden. Speaking of poetry, Mr. Ashton's *Illuminations* is still one of the most lyrical and enchanting ballets with Nicholas Magallanes as Rimbaud, Melissa Hayden as Profane Love and Diana Adams as Sacred Love.

As to the young dancers it must be said that Jacques d'Amboise has reached a great deal of maturity this season and Allegra Kent, who is developing a most dreamlike lyricism, has definitely established herself as one of the great ballerinas of our time. Of those who have joined the company only a season ago, Dorothy Scott and Edward Villella have proved their skill, versatility and dependability. Arthur Mitchell deserves our special attention and praise; he is now one of the finest dancers in the company.

* * *

When Zachary Solov withdrew from the Met as its choreographer at the end of last season, Mr. Bing engaged several persons with great reputation in the dance world to re-choreograph the ballets for a number of operas. So far I had occasion to see two of them. The dancing in *Boris Godunov* is on

(Continued at foot of next column)

Amsterdam

By JANET SINCLAIR



If the season in Holland so far has been remarkably unproductive—the three major companies have produced only three premières between them, as against 12 in a similar period last year—it is, unfortunately, not possible to pass this off as “quality instead of quantity.” The Netherlands Ballet has produced a not very successful version of *Les Forains*, of which the choreography is credited to Christian Foye: the Netherlands Opera Ballet has premièred a Balanchine-type work to Haydn music by Hans van Manen, full of ingenious and beautiful movement but spoiled by 90 per cent inefficient dancing and atrocious costumes: and what could have induced the Ballet der Lage Landen to put on *The Bloom of Happiness* by Maria Fay? This farrago of naive and primitive nonsense, however suitable to a school performance in a provincial town, is not for any professional company. And what a pity that Keith Lester, when asked for his *Pas des Déesses* by this company, should have re-christened it *The Golden Apple* and re-worked it into a not very amusing comedy number.

If there have been no important new

works, there have, however, been one or two notable individual performances. Dmitri Romanoff has mounted the *Don Quichotte* pas de deux with considerable success at the Opera Ballet for Marianna Hilarides and Martin Scheepers: these two dancers, if not quite up to Bruhn/Serrano standards, make a fine pair and Hilarides danced with freedom and evident enjoyment, a quality not previously noticeable in her work. The Odette of Clazina Nepveu (Lage Landen) is still a little diffident, but with experience and more efficient help in double work (her partner really must learn that a ballerina is not a sack of coals) she will undoubtedly fulfil all expectations, and Holland will at last have its own Swan Queen. Willy de la Bye (Netherlands Ballet) now gives a really sparkling performance in the *Aurora's Wedding* divertissement; this dancer improves in technique and attack from performance to performance. Most outstanding performances in the corps de ballet: Ans van Opstal in *Swan Lake*, Milly Gramberg and Jose Schuurman in *Petrouchka*. Most improved corps de ballet dancer: Riet van der Blij.

NEW YORK—Continued

such minor scale that it is difficult to say more than that Yurek Lazowski has done an adequate and neat job.

Of greater proportion was the first choreographic attempt of the famed ballerina Alexandra Danilova who staged the dances for *La Gioconda*. When the Duke entertains his guests at his palace in Act III a spectacular dance takes place, the famous Dance of the Hours, preceding the disclosure of the death of the Duke's wife. Such a ballet should not be considered a mere interlude in spite of its being part of the Duke's entertainment. If it can neither further nor fit into the plot the dancing should at least have some reference to the action. It was originally thought to symbolize the victory of right over wrong which would certainly take account of what happens in this opera. I could also imagine that the ballet may try to deal in some way with the inexorable passing of time.

Miss Danilova designed a sequence of steps and patterns in the vocabulary of the classical ballet. Its leaps, beats and turns, its lifts and arabesques are wonderful material for such exquisite dancers as Lupe Serrano and Scott Douglas who could show their technical brilliance and deserved the applause they received. Unfortunately, this ballet was devoid of any over-all choreographic conception. The most stunning steps and most breathtaking figures as such are little more than classroom material, even if skillfully tied together.

The rather incidental dancing in Act I was handled so adroitly that it promised what Act III failed to fulfil.

TORONTO

Miss Celia Franca, founder and artistic director of the National Ballet of Canada, has a new title to add to her imposing list of credits. She has been chosen 1958-59 “Woman of the Year,” by the B'Nai B'Rith Women of Toronto.

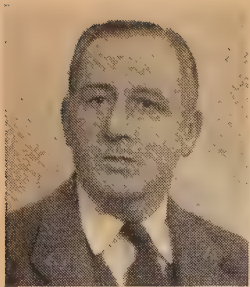
The leading lady of Canadian ballet “has put Canada on the ballet map,” said Mrs. Harry Pachter, chairman of the award committee. More than 400 were on hand for the presentation. Miss Franca succeeds Mrs. John Diefenbaker, wife of Canada's prime minister, named last year.

It is nearly nine years since Miss Franca came to Canada by invitation after a brilliant career with the Sadler's Wells, Metropolitan Ballet and other British companies. The award read, “. . . she is a talented administrator, and inspiring teacher and has built the National Ballet of Canada until it has achieved international status . . . she dances a number of leading roles with the company, particularly *Giselle* and *Winter Night* . . .”

The award follows one given in Washington when she was given the gold key to the U.S. capital, the second Canadian in history to receive such a distinctive recognition (Governor-General Massey was the first).

The National Ballet is now in its eighth annual season.

In 1957-58 it toured Canada and the United States both from coast to coast and performed to 70,000 in Mexico City's Bellas Artes and National Auditorium. This season the company introduces an entirely new production of *Coppelia* in its entirety and the original Canadian work, *Ballad*, to its extensive repertoire.



Venice

By ROBERT PATERSON

The 26th and 27th December saw ballet once again at the Fenice, when the newly formed *Italian Ballet* directed by Ugo Dell'Ara and Wanda Sciacaluga was presented by the Teatro Comunale di Bologna.

Not for some years now, in fact only once before in my experience, has an Italian Ballet Company given performances at the Fenice; they are nearly always given by visiting troupes from abroad, or else by an opera company that includes ballet in some of the operas. It is therefore of considerable significance that a growing demand for ballet, as distinct from opera, has made it possible for Ugo Dell'Ara and (his wife) Wanda Sciacaluga to form a ballet troupe, and be able already to tour with it successfully. The main characteristics of these dancers are their extreme youth, wonderful vivacity and stamina. Their versatility is proved by a programme including not only romantic and classical works, but also two modern ones, one tragic and the other comic. If this page should chance to catch Mr. Daubeny's eye, would not performances in London by this company constitute the first visit to England of an all-Italian troupe for very many years, and for that very reason warrant serious consideration?

To start with *Les Sylphides* was in itself a challenge and assertion of the troupe's confidence in its abilities notwithstanding a grave fault in production that impeded the dancers from the start. This ballet's particular and delicate atmosphere was never scenically created at all because, instead of some attempt being made to create at any rate some slight illusion of a moonlit glade, an ugly backdrop looking as though it were made of wet black velvet cut off certainly half of the stage depth, and immediately turned the performance into little more than a class-room rehearsal. Not only that, but the lack of space impeded the dancers, so that they had to watch very carefully where they were going. However, on the second night they succeeded in defying their difficulties to some extent and it says much for their discipline and team-work that they did not allow such a handicap to put them off.

The dancing of Olga Amati as prima ballerina gave much pleasure. She looks very like a certain picture of Fanny Cerrito, and portrays the sylph as the very essence of elusive charm and grace. As light as thistle-down, and so small, she possesses the power of inducing a dream-like state in the spectator, which makes her performance so difficult to describe because it seems to pass in a flash. All one can say is that every movement is pleasing and often of great brilliance, and never for a moment is the dancer's personality obtruded. Olga Amati is a splendid example to the other very young members of this troupe of what a prima ballerina should be; and I think that they realise this and are imbued by her wonderful spirit and devotion to the dance.

Giuliana Barabaschi as first coryphée must learn to subdue her very marked personality. In *Les Sylphides* the soloists,

like the corps de ballet, possess no identity; they are dream figures evoked by a poet's imagination. Therefore they must dance so beautifully that they express nothing except through their movements. For a dancer to reveal that she is in a state of particular and personal ecstasy at once places her outside Fokine's beautiful picture. Barabaschi smiled too much. She danced well but her pas de bourrée must be smoother and more gliding. As second coryphée Antonietta Daviso was merely adequate; she was far too inclined to show her awareness of the audience. A sylph does not have to show that she is trying to be appealing.

As the poet, Riccardo Duse was graceful without being effeminate, and it was a relief to see that he wore no wig or false curls. His pas seul was hampered by lack of space, the corps de ballet being too near him. In the lovely pas de deux preceding the finale his lifting of Amati was accomplished with elegance and without effort, and her descent from his arms was most beautifully effected, due to the extreme care with which he put her down.

Pauses in the music while the corps de ballet get into position for the next dance simply will not do; the dancers must be there already and the music restarted almost immediately. Otherwise the spell is broken and we have nothing but a string of divertimenti.

La Boutique Fantasque suffered even more from scenic congestion. With the back-drop placed so far down-stage it would have been better to bring on the toys pair by pair rather than parade them all together from the start. As it was, with so many people on the stage the first part of the ballet was more of a scrimmage than anything else, and the choreography went for nothing.

With the tarantella things began to improve. Two young dancers, Magda Berva and Paolo Grange whirled through Rossini's exciting music as only Italians can; and although one of the tambourines went spinning into the footlights, this was quite in keeping with the vivacity and abandon requisite to the dance.

The other dances of the toys were merely so-so, but with the entrance of the can-can dancers, Giuliana Barabaschi and Paolo Bortoluzzi, the performance became first rate. Freed from the restraint of *Sylphides* Barabaschi let herself go with a vengeance. Her personality is so perfectly attuned to the bravado and challenge of this dance, she obviously so enjoyed dancing it, that the reaction in the audience was noticeable from the start. Bortoluzzi, a young dancer of 20, partnered with such brilliancy that he almost became the automaton represented. He can spin like a top, yet at the right moment can become sympathetic and full of grace. And he has a most engaging personality.

Ugo Dell'Ara's choreography, which so far had run on more or less traditional lines, now suffered a temporary decline to the level of second-rate pantomime. After the closing of the shop with the toys strewn about

on the floor asleep, a airy godmother (Daviso) entered and for three terrible minutes danced a pas seul as banal and boring as any I can remember. If such a character must be brought on, let her wave her wand once, have done with it, and go. The music at this point is charming, so why not let the toys wake up and dance? And surely that is the traditional treatment. However, with the lovely pas de deux adagio balance was restored and the ballet proceeded on its way to the exciting climax and finale.

The Last Don Juan with music by Frank Martin, choreography décors and costumes by Ugo Dell'Ara, is a little masterpiece. The theme, modern and intensely powerful, depicts a youth's degradation; his meeting, when it is too late, with a young girl who might perhaps have steadied him if he had met her earlier; and finally, his nightmare (or hallucination) when he is hounded and beaten up by the girls he has ruined.

Here, since only six dancers appeared, the small space used was appropriate; and the back-drop, depicting a grim factory against a lurid sky, imparted just the right touch of drab ugliness to the sinister mood of the piece.

Having just seen about the worst pas seul I can remember, I was hardly prepared to witness one of the very best in the next ballet, but that was what occurred. Having seen his ideal elude him, the youth (Paolo Bortoluzzi) is left alone. For just about three minutes he then proceeds to hold the house in a vice-grip of emotional power that for so young an artist is really quite amazing. Frustration, rage, remorse, despair, weariness and collapse are in turn depicted by wonderful choreography that never repeats itself. And all this is accompanied by such strangely haunting music that the total effect is unforgettable. This particular music (from Martin's "Piccola Sinfonia concertante"—a kind of concerto) is given out by pianoforte, harpsichord, and harp, the latter playing intricate melodic figures with supporting harmonies by the other two instruments above and below it. As this instrumental colour is only used during the youth's pas seul, its initial impact is very striking and by contrast makes the totally different orchestration of the finale all the more dramatic. The choice of such a composition is little short of a stroke of genius on the part of Dell'Ara, so perfectly does it match his theme.

Special praise for the five young girls, all completely different in type, must be given. They were:—Carla Macchi, Daniela Fernandez, Milena Odoli, Rosanna Ambroso, Dina Riccaboni.

The performance concluded with *Honeymoon*, described as a choreographic farce, with music by Raffaele Gervasio. It certainly showed Dell'Ara's skill at handling the corps de ballet in such a way that they all had something interesting to do. A newly married couple go to spend their honeymoon at Capri, hoping to find peace and quiet there. Instead they find themselves lost in a crowd of young people who never leave them for an instant. Bathing parties, beauty contests, dancing, flirting, disputes, fights and reconciliations showed off the corp's versatility, stamina, and intense *joie de vivre*. Antonietta Daviso as the terribly-in-love young bride showed to much better advantage here under cover of characterisation, and Riccardo Duse supported her tenderly through the crowd of mocking revellers. But Giuliana Barabaschi as the vamp and Paolo Bortoluzzi as the boy-

(Continued at foot of next column)

Paris

—FERDINAND REYNA

VISA TO HOPE

I have already spoken in my reports of Ella Bogval, hope of the Parisian dance world and pupil of Mlle. Nina Tikanova.

Now, for the first time, the prize called "Visa pour l'Espoir" (Visa to Hope) (totaling some 500,000 francs) has just been awarded to this delightful 20-year-old Polish dancer. (Photo opposite.)

This prize, instituted last April, is for ambition and strength of purpose and is to recompense each year a man or woman under 25 years of age who have supported themselves from the age of 15 and who have done all they could to alter their difficult lot in life.

This year, the recipient can, better than anyone else, fulfil the conditions of the prize. Born in Lodz (Poland) in 1938, she evacuated with her family to Russia in 1941, returning in 1943 to Poland where her family were put into a ghetto. Ella's parents were burnt to death in the incinerators. Her one-year-old brother starved to death. Miraculously she escaped and was entrusted to the care of nuns. At the end of the war, when one of her uncles found her again, she had to be sent to a sanatorium. She spent 18 months there. In 1948, when Ella was 10 years old, she was taken care of by the Assistance Publique (the Poor Law Administration). The Institution provided rhythmic dance lessons for the young girls and Mlle. Tikanova taught at these classes. She noticed little Ella and saw in her exceptional gifts. She planned to change the destiny of this unhappy young girl, guiding her with knowledge, patience and love towards a dancing career. Tikanova adopted Ella Bogval and undertook the responsibility of her education, her maintenance and her artistic future. Thus, in 1953, Ella made her first public appearance at the Casino in Enghien. Today, she belongs to the Jean Babilée company. The critics were unanimous in their praise of her performance in *Les Saisons* by Vivaldi, presented in the Jardins des Tuileries by Mlle. Tikanova. As soon as she received the prize "Visa pour l'Espoir," Ella Bogval was engaged in the new ballet company formed by Ludmila Tcherina.

The return of Tamara Toumanova to the Théâtre National de l'Opéra on 14th January in the ballet *Phèdre* was an event in the Parisian dance world. It was in fact 12 years ago that Toumanova made her first appearance at the Opéra and in 1950 she created *Phèdre* by Cocteau-Lifar and Georges Auric on the same stage. With intense emotion we saw again this great artist in her immensely long red cloak which she thrust aside with her hand with a fury and anguish in the movements which Cocteau had suggested to her, and which make one think of the theatre in the Far East. Toumanova is a great "bête de théâtre." She gives to this role a regal majesty and holds the stage with unequalled mastery. Serge Lifar's choreo-

VENICE—Continued

friend stole the show, which ended in the usual riot of colour and movement. Gervasio's music was perfect of its kind and most brilliantly orchestrated.

On this occasion the orchestra of the Bologna Opera House came with the dancers. It played magnificently under the very restrained and efficient direction of Santi di Stefano.

ROBERT PATERSON



graphy wears well and today appears still plausible. Youli Algaroff was a perfect Hippolyte and Josette Amiel a young Aricie, full of modesty and grace with her large pony tail wig. Madeleine Lafon took the role of Oenone. But the spirit of Jean Cocteau dominated the production without stifling it. His decor retains its magic power. The little theatre set up on the stage with its slightly asymmetric frame, the apparitions of Neptune, the vision of Hippolyte crushed by the horses, the red cloak which we have already mentioned—so many mysterious marvels that one sees again with the same intense sensation of originality.

In the same evening, Yvette Chauviré was very bewitching in *Nauteos*, a ballet by Serge Lifar which was premiered in Monte Carlo in 1947. The long and difficult variation of the Nereide remains a very remarkable piece of Lifar's work. Chauviré danced it superbly. In *Etudes* by H. Lander, Liane Daydé displayed a technique of dazzling purity. We know that Daydé is rather small of stature but she certainly overcame this handicap, her mastery undeniably made her appear taller.

On 17th January, l'Association des Ecrivains et Critiques de la Danse de Paris gave a dinner in an elegant Champs Elysées club in honour of Monsieur A. M. Julien, Director of the Théâtre des Nations. Indeed, it is well known what an important place the dance and the ballet have in this theatre where every year all the companies of the world perform, dramatic, lyric and choreographic. M. Julien said that the season would open on 20th March at the Théâtre des Nations and the following would be amongst those appearing, the dancers of the Compagnie Nationale de l'art populaire de Port du Prince (Haiti), the ballet from the Budapest Opera, the ballet from the Opera of Varsovie, the ballet from the Stockholm Opera, and the Indian troupe of Madame Vyjaythinala.

Jean Babilée is adding another facet to his career by becoming a comedian. He is to play opposite Arletty in a piece by Tennessee Williams entitled *Orphée*, under

the direction of that celebrated producer Raymond Rouleau. Babilée will then play the lead in the film of *L'Alouette Au Miroir* adapted from the novel by that woman of letters, Christine de Rivoyre, by the producer Michel Drache. Babilée will also present a ballet at the Opéra Comique entitled *Bella Gamba*.

The forthcoming revue which is in production at the Casino de Paris under its director M. Henry Varna will be entitled *Enchantments*. Colette Marchand will be the leading lady of the revue. She will dance, sing and act in sketches and realistic pantomimes on the lines of her most recent creations. Jacques Chazot, the dancer and choreographer of the Opéra Comique will direct the choreography of certain tableaux in this revue.

The composer Marius Constant is writing for Roland Petit the music for his new ballet *Cyrano de Bergerac* which will be given on 10th April at the Alhambra Theatre. After having considered the French dancer Violette Verdy for the principal role of Roxane, Petit finally chose the young 16-year-old Swiss dancer Danielle Jossi.

The Maurice Béjart company will present in March at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées its new spectacle, with two ballets new to Paris. Janine Monin and her partner Jeem Blanchare will be seen in *Juliette*. Maurice Béjart and Michèle Seigneuret will present a modern version of the adventures of Pulcinella to music by Vivaldi.

Carmen Amaya who has not been back to Paris since 1951, stayed until 26th January at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. There she presented her company consisting of 20 dancers. However, the new spectacle given by Carmen Amaya did not at all satisfy the Parisians. Always nervous, too much so even to the point of appearing almost epileptic, Carmen Amaya accentuates without art her spectacular effects. Her zapateado succeeded in being short and muddled. Her company is only of a very moderate standard. The magic of the first spectacles of Carmen Amaya has vanished.

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PROGRAMMES FOR THE MONTH

FESTIVAL BALLET

W/c 23rd Feb.	Davis Theatre, Croydon
„ 2nd Mar.	Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon
„ 9th „	Empire Theatre, Liverpool
„ 16th „	Empire Theatre, Sunderland

BALLET RAMBERT ON TOUR

W/c 23rd Feb.	Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle
„ 2nd Mar.	Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton
„ 9th „	New Theatre, Hull
„ 16th „	Alhambra Theatre, Bradford
„ 30th „	Theatre Royal, Exeter
„ 6th Apr.	Theatre Royal, Bath
„ 13th „	Opera House, Cheltenham
„ 27th „	The White Rock Pavilion, Hastings

THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

25th Feb.	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
27th „	Fri.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Linden, Blair)
28th „	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Coppelia</i> (Park, Burne)
2nd Mar.	Mon.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Lane, Page, Shaw) Guest Artist: Beryl Grey
3rd „	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Nerina, Blair, Park)
4th „	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Mam'zelle Angot, La Fete Etrange, Checkmate</i> (Guest Artist: Beryl Grey)
5th „	Thurs.	(eve)	<i>La Fete Etrange, Harlequin in April</i> (Revival: 1st performance), <i>Mam'zelle Angot</i>
6th „	Fri.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Beriosova, Ashbridge, Lane)
7th „	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Guest Artist: Beryl Grey)
7th „	Sat.	(eve)	<i>La Fete Etrange, Harlequin in April Mam'zelle Angot</i>
9th „	Mon.	(eve)	<i>Les Patineurs, Giselle</i> (Linden, Blair, Page)
10th „	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala</i> (at 8 p.m.). The programme will include <i>Act III, Prince of the Pagodas</i> , Frederick Ashton's <i>La Valse</i> , and several divertissements
11th „	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Les Patineurs, Giselle</i> (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
12th „	Thurs.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Guest Artist: Beryl Grey)
13th „	Fri.	(eve)	<i>La Fete Etrange, Danses Concertantes</i> (Revival: 1st performance), <i>Petrushka</i>
14th „	Sat.	(mat)	<i>La Fete Etrange, Danses Concertantes, Petrushka</i>
14th „	Sat.	(eve)	<i>La Fete Etrange, Danses Concertantes, Checkmate</i> (Guest Artist: Beryl Grey)
16th „	Mon.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac des Cygnes</i> (Linden, Blair)
17th „	Tues.	(eve)	<i>La Valse, Giselle</i> (Grey, Selling)
18th „	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Danses Concertantes, Giselle</i> (Nerina, Blair)
19th „	Thurs.	(eve)	<i>Harlequin in April, Fete Etrange, Job</i>
20th „	Fri.	(eve)	<i>La Valse, Giselle</i> (Grey, Selling)
21st „	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Coppelia</i>
21st „	Sat.	(eve)	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i> (Nerina, Blair)
23rd „	Mon.	(eve)	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i> (Linden, Blair)
24th „	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Petrushka</i> (Nerina, Shaw, Clegg) <i>La Valse, Job</i>
25th „	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i> (Grey, Selling)
26th „	Thurs.	(eve)	<i>Petrushka</i> (Park, Shaw, Clegg) <i>La Valse, Job</i>
28th „	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i> (Grey, Selling)
28th „	Sat.	(eve)	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i> (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
30th „	Mon.	(eve)	<i>Sleeping Beauty</i> (Grey, Selling)

A Visit to Central America

by

GEORGE JACKSON

Christa Mertins and members of the Guatemala Ballet rehearsing
Variations with Masks by Denis Carey to music by Reali.



Travelling in Central America during October and November, I was reminded that ballet is really a luxury item. One is more apt to find it in countries of great contrasts such as Salvador and Panama, where there are extremes of plentitude and poverty, rather than in a sober, more middle class state such as Costa Rica.

COSTA RICA

"We are only a very little country," Costa Ricans will tell you, "we must allocate our small national budget to the essentials of health and education." And in this they are probably justified. In the capital city of San José there is no government-supported ballet school such as exists in Panama, Salvador or Guatemala. Even if adequate funds were available, I doubt that ballet would flourish. The sober way of life does not seem to produce an avid theatre public and despite the high level of education among the citizens, visiting performers at San José's elegant, little 19th Century *Teatro Nacional* frequently play to an almost empty house.

There are a few private dance schools which are spoken of in a patronizing way: "They don't amount to much except to teach the kids to lift their legs and be a little graceful." I attended a rehearsal at one of the larger schools housed in an annex of the *Teatro Nacional*. Here a handsome, dark haired young woman named Olga Franco, formerly of de Basil's Ballet Russe, puts a great number of children through their paces on the ground floor of a large room while a painting class is in session on the balcony above. Were it not for the negative attitude, it might amount to something—there were several students whose ability exceeded being "a little graceful."

PANAMA CITY

By contrast, ballet in Panama City is popular—but within strict limits. It is thought to be part of every girl's education to have ballet training. Many of the girls take lessons for years, even being sent abroad

to study, yet there is no permanent ballet company and Panama has exported few dancers to other countries. The reason is that the career of a professional dancer is considered unsuitable for girls of good family—the example of Señora Roberto Arias (Dame Margot Fonteyn) notwithstanding. Boys, although expected to acquire an appreciation of the art, are not supposed to participate. The result of such an ambivalent attitude is a population with a great demand for ballet which it refuses to satisfy itself.

Touring ballet troupes find eager and knowledgeable audiences in Panama City. The two which had been there most recently were the San Francisco Ballet and the Berliner Ballett (also known as Dance Theatre—Berlin). The company from San Francisco did not make a favourable impression because Lew Christensen's ballets were unfavourably compared to the one Balanchine ballet shown (*Concerto Barocco*) and to the Tatjana Gsovsky works performed by the Berlin troupe. Gsovsky's creations shocked the conservatives but were a great success with the intellectuals, the local dancers and the younger generation in general.

The largest school of dancing in Panama is the National Academy, founded a few years ago by Señora Cecilia Ramon, widow of the country's late president. The character dance section is supervised by Blanca Korsi de Ripoll, an authority on Spanish dancing, and Anna Ludmila is in charge of classical ballet. Miss Ludmila will be remembered by ballet audiences in Europe and the Americas as one of the leading soloists in the era between the world wars. She began her career at the Chicago Civic Opera and later, appearing in England, prompted Cyril Beaumont to write that "she looked like a goddess and she danced like a goddess." Today she is still admirable to watch as she teaches her classes with a big stick in hand and also a cigarette. One immediately sees that she is a strict disciplinarian, demanding the most of the pupils, she considers promising. Although her

students have little creative outlet at present, there is some hope that eventually the old Panamanian prejudice against professional dancers will be overcome.

GUATEMALA

The most balletically active of the Central American countries is Guatemala with several private ballet schools and the government supporting a large one as well as a small performing troupe.

The pioneer work for a Guatemala Ballet was done about twelve years ago by Marcelle Devaux, a dancer from Brussels. However, the Guatemalan government was disinterested until a Communist minister of education, for whom ballet and Soviet ideals were somehow synonymous, allocated funds for the establishment of a professional company. Maria Tchernova and Leonid Kachourovsky, two émigré Russian dancers residing in Belgium, were chosen as stars and directors. They crossed the Atlantic and tried to create a miniature Ballet Russe, but their regime ended with that of the minister of education.

The subsequent government continued to support ballet. A school was established whose director is Joop van Alen, a Hollander by birth. He had his ballet training in Paris under Preobrajenska, Egorova and Kniaeff and his first engagement at the Flemish Opera in Antwerp. When the Second World War broke out he was dancing at the Opera in Lille, France. A disagreement with the Nazis threatened to end his career and he was sent to Germany. But instead of a slave labourer at a munitions factory, he found himself a member of the Berlin State Opera. It was an exciting time. The Anglo-Hungarian dancer, Derra de Moroda, was ballet mistress and staged some unusual works. Most of the German dancers had been drafted into the army, so her company was almost entirely composed of dancers from subject nations whom she had rescued from the factories. After the war, Joop van Alen danced for Massine in the London production of *Ballet in the Ballet*, was

briefly with de Basil's Ballet Russe and then for eight years with the Marquis de Cuevas' company. Before leaving Europe he founded a ballet school in Barcelona which is still directed by his wife, the German dancer Elsa Hellwig.

In Guatemala, van Alen has contributed enormously toward the development of ballet. He has organized a school which not only trains professional dancers for the ballet company but also teaches dancing to actors, singers and others interested in a stage career and he is planning a high school and college of performing arts. As a creative artist he is more interested in the *Gesamtkunstwerk* which blends singing, acting and dancing than in pure ballet. For the annual arts festival at Antigua he has staged two such works—*Dionysius and the Sea* with music by Adolf Piriou and Honegger's *Joan at the Stake*. His third will be *Popol Vuh*, an oratorio based on Mayan sources.

The Guatemala Ballet is a company of sixteen supervised by Denis Carey, a British dancer who came to Guatemala in 1955, the year after Tchernova and Kachourovsky had been dismissed. Carey does not believe in having a strictly classical company because the average Guatemalan's physique is not suited to European ballet. Although all performers have ballet training, most of Carey's choreography is in a modern style which he feels is more suited to the native

temperament and muscle tonus. His most successful ballets have been to music by Paul Bowles, Prokofiev, Poulenc, Barber, Reali and the Guatemalan composer Jorge Sarmientos. For a few dancers such as Christa Mertins and Manuella Ocampo, who are suited to classical ballet, the repertory contains the standard pas de deux as well as Balanchine's *The Gods Go A'Begging* and *Alvorado del Gracioso* by Guillermo Keys Arenas (at present ballet master of the Roberto Iglesias troupe) who was in charge of the Guatemala Ballet while Carey visited Europe to stage some of his works for the Ballet of the Low Countries.

A repertory which includes classical, neo-classical and modern ballets is not only adapted to the different types of dancers but also to the very different audiences for whom the Guatemala Ballet performs. One week the company may be dancing in Indian villages where many people are illiterate and the next they may accompany Guatemala's president on a state visit appearing before international sophisticates. But the company's continued existence is by no means assured. In a country where there are still illiterates and also many undernourished people, the money which supports the troupe and school could be used for essentials rather than for such luxury items as ballet. Yet is ballet a luxury when it successfully communicates human and humanistic values to very different groups of people?

TOKYO

—JOHN HAYLOCK

Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes arrive here on 16th February on their way to Australia. They are to dance in *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty* with the Komaki Ballet Company. Five performances will be given in Tokyo, one in Osaka and one in Nagoya. Osaka and Nagoya are the second and third biggest cities in Japan.

The Komaki Ballet Company which is run by Mr. Masahide Komaki is the leading ballet company in Japan. Mr. Komaki has previously invited foreign artists to perform with his company, notably Sonia Arova who danced *The Swan* with Mr. Komaki in 1952, Nora Kaye and Paul Szilard who did *Giselle* in 1953, and Anthony Tudor and Nora Kaye who did *Lilac Garden* and *The Firebird* in 1954. Mr. Komaki has a thriving ballet school with over 200 students and 12 teachers who also dance in his company of 40 dancers including two prima ballerinas and two premier danseurs. Mr. Komaki still dances occasionally but he prefers now to direct his school and produce.

Munich and Stuttgart reports held over until next issue.

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THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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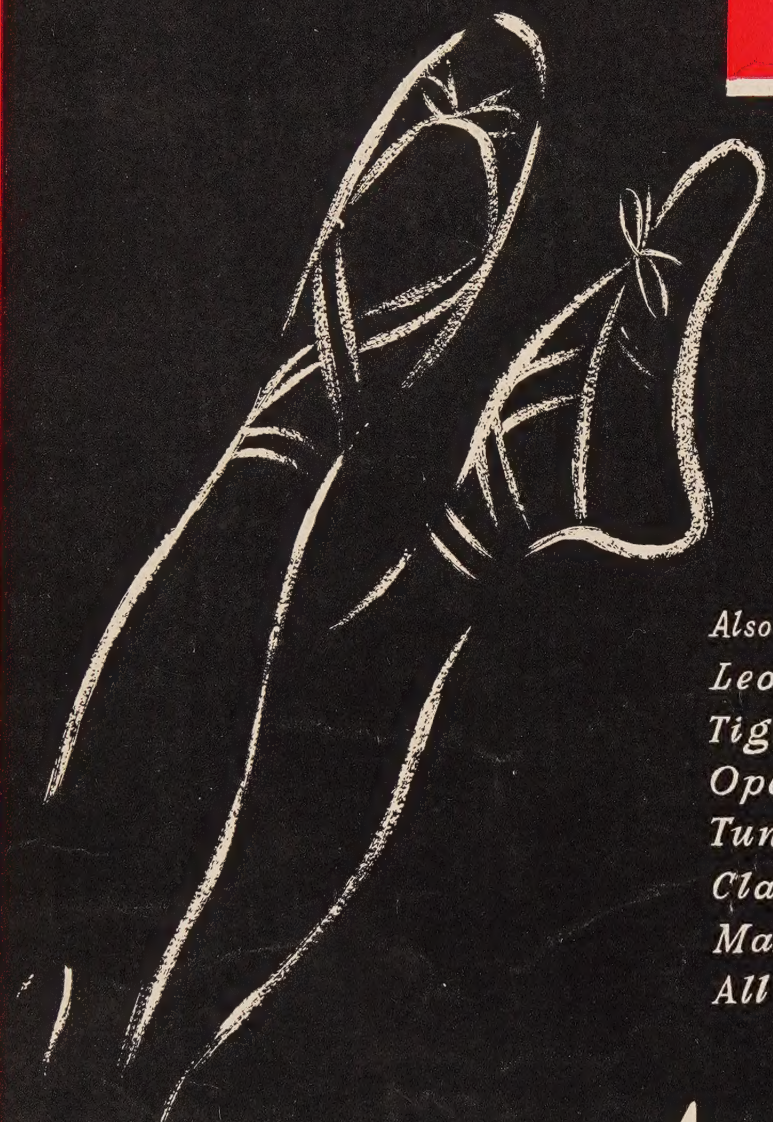
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